

DAY AND NIGHT, FULL LEASED
WIRE TELEGRAPHIC SERVICE

SOUTH BEND, INDIANA, SUNDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1922

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WIRE TELEGRAPHIC SERVICE**"How Much Longer?"**

By LENA B. ROSTISER.

An extremely short-sighted man remarked once that a woman's name should appear but twice in print—first, in the birth, second, in the marriage and third in the death announcements.

If this extremely narrow and strict rule had been observed throughout time, the women rulers, the women benefactors of the world would have held no honored place in history. Instead they would have lived and died without recognition of their nobility or greatness, save for those who knew them personally.

Probably no century has contributed to the world more women of finer mental and spiritual caliber than in this one in which we are now living. And if I am not very much mistaken, it is positively stimulating and encouraging to read of the lives and accomplishments of those who have achieved or who are now achieving that which needs to be done.

The unfairness of it is that the noble and worthwhile things women are doing which exert inspiration to the multitude of common everyday folk who are trying too, is being vastly obscured by the unscrupulous positions of a small class of women who with their peanut-portioned intelligence, merely play in their hands on the front pages of newspapers for the sport and gossip of others and to the degradation of youth.

People are beginning to protest in no uncertain terms against mirroring the sordidness of life in colorful terms. No infrequently does one hear, especially these days, men and women who are voicing their disapproval of the publicity which scandal achieves for its own. One's only answer is that a newspaper aims to give its readers what its readers demand, and granting that the press, like everyone else, owes something to the youth of the community, let us consider whether or not the community does not owe something to the newspaper.

Public opinion, exclusively produced by the people, guided by its very force the destiny of individual and institution alike. By no means infallible, it has seen fit in the past few years to lightly consider and even just over what once it wept over and severely condemned. The day therefore has passed when a woman who finds herself in the midst of an ugly story, hides from the world; rather she prefers to score more or less, according to her nerve, as a melodramatic heroine playing to an enraptured audience which listens intently to every word she might deign to say.

This situation exists solely because public opinion has swayed unwisely past the point of meeting justice to woman as well as to man, and is inclining more and more to place the female violator of the law, the woman whose numerous love-affairs are the gossip of both continents, upon a conspicuous pedestal where the world may offer its sympathy, its movie contracts or whatever else it may think appropriate.

Any man or woman who has seriously considered the subject at all knows what I say is true and must acknowledge that such an attitude on the part of the world is really dangerous to young heads. Very naturally the mistaken idea is planted in plastic minds that sin and sin's haunts are roseate and that women sinners are mighty attractive beings in the eyes of the world. Youth does not stop and consider as you and I consider the depth of humiliation which vice incurs, nor have they lived long enough to hate evil because it is hateful. It only knows that "movie offers," and other equally pleasant things are offered to those who do something so notoriously naughty as to make them much in the public eye. Beholding that public opinion garbs sin in robes of purple and provides a brass band you can't blame youth much for adding a unslewed crown to the illusion.

Newspapers are entitled to print news even though it may appear ugly in print. The objection so far as I can see, lies solely with tales seeking by clever ruse to arouse in the hearts of people a false sympathy which distorts the public's vision of right and wrong. The world shoulders a heavy responsibility when it favors a man offender because he is handsome or possesses a striking personality or a woman because she is pretty and weeps copiously. Not only does it lower the worth of its own judgment but after the emotional excitement is over, the very people who helped popularize the judgment, will wonder how they could have ever been so simple-minded. Surely sympathy should be saved for those unfortunate who as time passes on prove themselves worthy and people will discover sooner or later that one will find such only among those who shun rather than court publicity.

Some magazines and many novels err far more than newspapers in the respect of fostering the idea that vice is attractive and that its participants are not such a bad lot after all. The motion picture too has done its share in creating the impression that evil is thrilling and virtue is gloomy but of late it is coming into the realization that virtue is attractive if one wishes to make it so.

The sooner that the public and the public's servants—the newspaper, the magazine, the novel, the motion picture, impresses young America that there is nothing picturesque in sin, no sinner, however alluringly arrayed, physically lovely or intellectually equipped, will deceive young people into thinking it so. I say, disrobe vice of its captivating glamour and give worthy people and things a chance to come into their own.

Love is a sacred shrine, to which no man would find the way if he were not lured there by the temple bells of imagination, vanity and adventure or blindfolded and led there by a woman.

Usually, what a woman gets in this life is just the few things that man happened to overlook, discard or forget.

HOSPITALITY COMMITTEE FOR ART EXHIBIT

The Civic Art Exhibit, sponsored by the Educational Bureau of the League of Women Voters which is to be held at the Tribune auditorium from October 14 to October 23 inclusive, is arousing much interest among the art lovers of the city. The object of this Civic offering as presented by the Civic Art Committee of the League is to promote interest in a Municipal Art gallery in South Bend at some future date. The coming exhibit is the work of the best contemporary American artists of note and will open with a reception to the public Saturday evening, October 14, from 8 until 11:30 P. M. Dudley Crafts Watson, the best art lecturer in America will give a gallery talk on "Art Appreciation" during the evening and Mrs. Eli F. Seebirt will sing a group of

songs. Guy Wiggins and Wilson Irving, two well known landscape painters from the east will be guests of honor during the 10 days exhibit and lecturers on art from the Chicago Art Institute and several Chicago artists, among others, Pauline Palmer will deliver art talks and gallery tour talks every afternoon and evening during the exhibit. Mrs. John Woolverton is chairman of the Hospitality committee, Mrs. Harry A. Biggs,

vice-chairman and will be assisted by Mrs. C. A. Carlisle, Mrs. F. A. Bryan, Mrs. Harry Sanders, Mrs. J. C. Birdsell, Mrs. Frank Mayr, Jr., Mrs. G. M. Studeraker, Jr., Mrs. Lafayette Porter, Mrs. Frederick Cunningham, Mrs. W. D. O'Brien, Mrs. George Stephenson, Mrs. R. L. Sensenich, Mrs. James Oliver, Miss Catherine Oliver, Mrs. W. G. Crabb, Mrs. Albert Stephenson and Mrs. John F. Reynolds, Jr. Mrs. Walter K. Sherman is chairman of the Civic Art department of the League and Mrs. Eli F. Seebirt is vice-chairman. The first regular meeting of the League will be held Monday evening in the Womans' club room, J. M. S. bldg. The Optimist club for the blind will be guests and Mrs. Carlisle will give an informal talk on "The Orient."

Wills and Testaments

By WINIFRED BLACK.

TO Mary, my wife, I give and bequeath One Dollar and a Half on condition that she takes it and buys a good manila rope and hangs herself.

That's what they read at the "will readings" after the funeral the other day.

Pleasant gentleman—the man who made that will, wasn't he? And what sort of a woman was Mary, his wife, to live for 37 years with such a creature, and then go to the funeral in deep mourning and act as if the very foundations of her life had been swept away, when Father died?

What sort of people are they who can't get rid of their spite while they are alive, but must reach out of the grave to slap some poor creature in the face with an insult.

There was the celebrated author who died not so long ago.

He left a will in which he said:

"Whatever money or property my two children get after I am gone, they will get it after they come and ask my present wife for it. And they must bring their mother, my first wife, with them, when they come to do the asking."

And people spoke of this person as a kindly, genial, generous, well-meaning creature—when he was alive and wrote of blind sea captains and bold buccaneers.

What a coward he really must have been!

They Cannot Forget.

What had his two poor harmless children done that he should reach out of his coffin and use them as a scourge to beat the devil's tattoo upon the defenseless shoulders of the poor little woman who had once loved him enough to go down into

the valley of the shadow of death and bring his children to him in her trembling arms?

What did that second wife do with that will? I don't remember—do you?

I hope she took it and tore it into fragments and threw it into the fire and called the first wife and the children to her home and divided the property with them honestly and generously.

I don't see how she could ever spend a happy hour after that if she didn't do some such thing.

What a sneak a man is who isn't satisfied with the revenge that life gives him, but must try to "get even" when the grass is beginning to grow over his poor, mean, spiteful, little heart.

Wills—how people lie and steal and smirk and pretend just to get mentioned in a rich man's will.

I know a whole family who live in deadly hatred of the one they pretend to love. He is small, mean, tyrannical, stingy, selfish—everything that a man can be and live—but his family to the very smallest member of it cringes to him and flatters him and fies to him and waits—waits—waits.

Of What Avail?

All that family wants is the death of the one they flatter. Somehow I can't help wishing that when they do finally read "his they will find that he has left every dollar he had in the world to a founding asylum, and cut every one of them off with a dime apiece.

Poor things—they've earned their money—they've given their respect and their pride and their

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The Patterns of Words

THERE he was in the theater—man with the saw.

Just an old-fashioned, sharp-toothed saw, such as your grandfather used when he was getting out the kindling for the winter's use, and he took a fiddle bow—the man in the theater—and bent the saw and played upon it and made sweet, clear notes like the voice of a good violin, and everybody wondered and the theater rocked with applause.

"Strange," said the elderly man who sat next me. "I warrant you can't guess where my mind is this minute."

"No," I said. "Who can guess anything about the thoughts of an Irishman?"

"Well," said the man who sat next to me, "I'll tell you I'm not in America at all, nor in the theater either. I'm back in Ireland at school with a lot of Omdahaws like myself, and the professor in physics has a saw in his hand, and he is sprinkling on the saw a handful of glistening white sand from the shore where the waves are so blue. See, he takes up the fiddle bow and begins to play."

A Strange Tale.

"Hark, how sweet the music! Why, it's like the finest violin! Look, the silver sand is distributed by the vibration. See, it falls to the floor—why, it makes a pattern, something like one of those beautiful mosaics you get in Florence when you take a walk over the old bridge and pause to patronize one of the merchants within its arches.

"Look, there is a new pattern on

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Censoring Books

WELL, well, so we're going to have our books censored.

First, the speaking plays, then the movies—and now the books. What next, I wonder?

It doesn't seem quite the American sort of thing, does it?

After all, if you and I are free, white and twenty-one, and want to turn our minds into sewers by reading all kinds of disagreeable books that does seem to be something like our own affair—doesn't it?

I wish the censor would be a mind reader and begin with the minds of the authors.

They do seem to have such queer, perverted, narrow views of life—these authors who ought to be censored.

To read one of their books you'd think there wasn't a clean-minded, honest, sure-enough man left in the world, and as for the women, they all belong in some home for degenerates—if you believe the authors.

Whatever is the matter with the poor things?

Don't they know any plain, everyday, good-hearted, kindly, wise, foolish, witty, silly, quick-tempered, forgiving human beings at all?

There's Your Mother—

Where do they live anyhow? And where do they get their impressions? In the observation ward of a psychopathic hospital?

Of course, we all know that there are perverts and sub-normals and poor, unfortunate abnormals in the world.

We've all seen them and some of us, to our cost, have known them. But why write as if there were no other kind of creatures?

There's your little sister, sweet as a peach and good as gold—do you believe she lies awake nights planning to run away with the worst man in town?

She would if she were in one of the modern novels that has started all this talk of a censor.

Poor little thing, she has her dreams, of course, and some of them are doubtless foolish and impracticable, but on the whole she tries as hard as she can to be as nice as she can, and if she would go to confession or a psycho-analyst for the first time when she's thirty years old, I don't believe the story she'd have to tell would strike terror to the heart of the one to whom she confessed.

There's your mother—she seems to be a kindly, candid soul—if she were in one of the aforesaid stories, she'd be a regular Lucretia Borgia or something of that sort.

Do you believe she is, really? That brother of yours he's made an awful fool of himself once or twice, but, after all, you'd trust him with your last cent and your reputation and never dream of being betrayed.

Where do they all come from—these freaks we read about in the "new" school of fiction?

Let's Forget the Villains.

I've seen one or two of them in the police courts, and two or three in insane asylums, but how any one can think that the world is made up of them is beyond me.

I do wish some one would make it the fashion to write some stories about life as it really is, and not as

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Meditations of a Married Woman

TODAY'S MOTHER.

YESTERDAY'S Mother said: "Oh, yes—of course! I suppose my Son will marry!"

"Some day, some woman will take my BOY away from me—and I only hope and pray that she will make him happy!"

But Today's Mother—TODAY'S Mother is different!

Today's Mother was Yesterday's Daughter—

And she knows—she knows—SHE knows!

She knows what a mighty struggle she had to untwine her Petted Darling from his Mother's arms and untangle him from her apron strings!

She knows just what a "man-trapper" and "husband-snatcher" that Mother thought her.

She knows what a "Precious Prize" he was when she won him!

And just how she had to remodel him and make him over; and what she has done for him—

How she extracted his ingraining egotism, and smoothed off all his rough edges, and took the kinks out of his pet habits, and froned the wrinkles out of his disposition!

And put the pep into his ambition, and hung the yoke of duty on to his young shoulders.

She knows just what a selfish, grouch, misanthropic old bachelor he might have been without her.

She knows what a child he is at heart, and how he depends on her for everything.

From his buttons to his bath-water.

From his religion to his couch

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WITH the formal dedication of the Progress club yesterday afternoon the charm of the true home atmosphere marked the reception, which opened the season's activities, the affair being attended by 350 guests. The reception rooms were made very attractive with quantities of garden flowers and baskets of American Beauty roses. Smilax and ferns tastefully arranged on the stairway formed the effective background. In the receiving line were Mrs. Lloyd Freeman, Mrs. Hugh Dunahoo, Mrs. William H. Porter, Mrs. Orio Deahl, Mrs. Richard Elbel, Miss Mae Applegate and Miss Ella Rieman. Assisting with the introductions were the members of the board of directors, the former presidents of the club and the department chairmen.

At 2 o'clock an entertaining program was given, the president gracefully presiding, giving the address of welcome to the new members, a word of encouragement to the old and a hope for the cooperation of all in the new year, which has now begun. Following Mrs. Greenan, Mrs. J. A. Rode, accompanied by Mrs. James Cover sang "Bird of the Wilderness" by Hageman, "Do Not Go My Love" by Hageman, "Love is the Wind" by McFadden and her last number was of special interest to the guests as the words and music were both written by Mrs. George Fulmer, a club member. All of Mrs. Rode's numbers were well received. Following the announcement by the department chairmen, Mrs. W. E. Bryan pleased with a group of songs. She chose as her selections "I Am Thy Harp" by Woodman, "I Know a Hill" by Whelpley and "Brother Sunshine" by Lehmann. Mrs. Bryan was accompanied by Miss Evelyn Fulmer. The program was in charge of a committee including Mrs. E. M. Morris, Mrs. Lafayette Porter and Miss Ella Rieman. Mrs. Walter Muesel was chairman of the committee on decorations and was assisted by Mrs. Homer Miller, Mrs. William H. Porter, Mrs. Frank Nicely and Miss Harriet Keller. Mrs. Thomas Walsh, Mrs. Samuel Bunker and Mrs. Orio Deahl had charge of the refreshments.

Mrs. K. C. De Rhodes gave a brief talk on the permanent home fund and announced the dramatic reading to be given for that benefit, on Thursday evening in the Rotary room of the Oliver hotel by Mrs. E. M. Morris, who will be accompanied on the piano by Mrs. G. A. Farabaugh. Mrs. Morris will read "Madame Butterfly." The tickets for this entertainment may be secured at the Grace shop of Mrs. Edgar Ireland or Mrs. Guy Staples. It was also announced that the first general meeting of the club will be held next Saturday in the Rotary room of the Oliver hotel, the speaker being Dr. Preston Bradley, pastor of the Peoples' church Chicago who is nationally known as a gifted orator.

Honoring Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Bartlett who leave today for Pontiac, Ill., where they will reside, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Engle entertained Friday evening informally at dinner at the Chain O' Lakes Country club. In the afternoon Mrs. Bartlett was the guest of honor at luncheon given at the Robertson Tea room by Mrs. John King, S. Main st. Covers were placed for eight guests and the afternoon was spent at the bridge tables at the home of the hostess, the favors being given to Mrs. Earl King and the guest favor to Mrs. Bartlett. On Saturday afternoon Mrs. St. Clair Darden, Healthwin, entertained with an afternoon bridge as a courtesy to Mrs. Bartlett. Twelve guests were present and the favors of the game were given to Mrs. George Ahlborn and Mrs. Harry Aldworth and the guest favor to Mrs. Bartlett.

Miss Sarah Bowsher, 305 W. Colfax av., entertained a small group of friends informally at her home Saturday evening. Dancing and music were the evening diversions, at which a buffet luncheon was served.

The Notre Dame Big Five orchestra played the program of dances at the opening football dance given last evening in the Rotary room of the Oliver hotel by the Students' Activity committee. About 150 couples were in attendance and the affair was in charge of John James and James Swift.

Honoring Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Reamer, who recently were married, Rev. and Mrs. C. N. Porter, entertained Friday evening with a miscellaneous shower. The evening was spent informally and dainty refreshments were served. The guests were Maude Goetz, William Pickens, Mr. and Mrs. David Collins, Albert Bressler, John A. Miller, William C. Fetter, Alice Porter, Mary Wilkinson, Lucile Porter, Wilma Miller, Harold Porter, Sylvester Pendl, Donald Porter, Minnie Pendl, Mary Pendl, Mildred Pendl, Maude Goetz, Hazel Goetz, Minnie Miller, Minnie Pickens, Charles N. Porter, Paul Porter, Lester Crowl, Irene Miller, Rosa Donathan, Mable Peters and Elma Porter.

Miss Helen Leehr, 1005 E. Bowman st., entertained the members of the Jane D. Club Friday evening with a miscellaneous shower. The prize being won by Miss Hilda Krah. The home was made attractive with quantities of bitersweet. The next meeting will be in two weeks with Miss Gail Jones, Harrison av.

Mrs. A. Stevenson entertained 12 members of the W. C. T. U. at dinner Friday at her home near Cassopolis, Mich. Dinner was served on the lawn, the table being made attractive with pink asters and gladioli. The afternoon was spent with contests, the favors being won by Mrs. T. Carson, Mrs. G. Denson, Mrs. A. Smith and Mrs. Stevenson. The next regular meeting of the circle will be held in two weeks with Mrs. John Estline, 312 S. Taylor st.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Gutstein, 1415 W. Washington st., entertained at dinner Friday evening at 6 o'clock in honor of their daughter, Miss Bertha Gutstein, who left Saturday for Hanover college. Sixteen guests were seated at the table, which was centered with autumn flowers.